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Geranium next he rudely caught,
But, doom'd in this attempt to fail,
Repeated efforts only brought
Fresh odours to the passing gale.

"'Tis thus," he said, "that virtue springs
Elastic from the touch of woe,
Care's pressure oft her bosom wrings,
But cannot lay her beauties low."

"In adverse winds and threat'ning skies,
Where dangers lurk, or ills await,
Virtue is ever seen to rise
Superior to the frowns of fate.

"Whilst earth-born bliss, like roses gay,
The devious path of life adorns,
But pluck'd, it quickly fades away,
And leaves us mortals nought but
thoras."

June 7, 1813.

THE THRUSH.

'TWAS eve, and the sun had just sunk
from our sight,
As he ting'd with his gold-streaming splendour the West;
Dim twilight preceded the dark-bosom'd night,
And the woodland's wild choristers hasten'd to rest.

One only remain'd, on a thorn's topmost spray,
Whence sweetly he pour'd his soft notes
on the gale;
With the skill of an artist he raised his lay,
Now brisk seem'd the catches, now plaintive the tale.

'Tis thus, when adversity's shades are descending,
And joy's rosy tints are withdrawn from the mind,
Tho' chill be the blast, and the tempest impending,
Hope, solace of sorrow, still lingers behind.

I listen'd with rapture, as borne on the breeze,
The strains of rich melody floated around,
So simple, so soothing, so suited to please,
That devotion itself was inspir'd by the sound.

And longer the song would have swell'd
on my ear,
And the music have longer continu'd to charm,
But quick the gale rose, and the warbler,
thro' fear,
Sought a branch less exalted, less subject to harm.

Ah! hapless removal! for as he essay'd
His wild notes again, fate arrested his breath—
Grimalkin, who long the fair prize had survey'd,
Caught, crush'd, and consign'd the poor flutterer to death.

Many years have elaps'd since his music was heard,
Soft warbling amidst the thorn's foliage so green,
Yet oft-times I think on the beautiful bird,
And this is the moral I draw from the scene:

That when HOPE sits aloft from this world and its care,
We may listen with safety, for bliss is in store;
But if earthward she flies, caution whispers, "beware,
Let the song of the syren delight thee no more."

11th January, 1814.

SELECTED POETRY.

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM BOSVILLE,
ESQ., OF THROPE-HALL, YORKSHIRE,
DEC. 16TH, 1815.

He was a staunch friend to freedom,
and to Parliamentary Reform; and
his purse has been always freely opened
to the relief of the persecuted patriots,
who have incurred the vengeance of government,
in their endeavours to secure freedom by obtaining reform.

"*Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.*"

LOV'D by his friends, and by his foes
esteem'd,
For even foes by goodness are redeem'd;
Above all meanness, for he knew no pride,
Unaw'd by death, unblemish'd Bosville died.

With sense which only nature could impart,
 The smoothest temper, and the kindest heart,
 Through various scenes of chequer'd life he went,
 His views unspotted, and his end, content.
 Equal to him the child of low degree,
 So honour grac'd him, and his mind was free—
 Or one that glitter'd in the pomp of birth;
 For all he valu'd was unshaken worth,
 Though rich in fortune, yet in morals blest,
 He felt secure of everlasting rest.
 Mild to the last, though tortur'd by disease,
 His only comfort was his friends to please.*
 Alas! how fruitless did his object prove;
 What heart could smile with such a wreck above?
 Ingenious med'cine lent a short repose,
 And Hope still linger'd as our wishes rose.
 How vain! how transient was the gleam she gave,
 Alas! it only glimmer'd to the grave.
 Pure resignation pour'd its daily balm;
 His frame was restless, but his mind was calm.
 No vain fantastic terrors scar'd his soul,
 For conscious virtue occupied the whole:
 O'er worlds to come no vague reflection rov'd,
 His life was guiltless, and his end unmov'd.
 By slow degrees to dissolution led,
 The good man sunk, and mingled with the dead.

Some of the Subscribers to Mr. Von Feinaigle's Lectures may perhaps want artificial aid to recollect the advantages they have received from them; to such, the following exposé may be acceptable.

How kind to John Bull was the Prussian eagle,

* The table which this worthy English gentleman, (for such he was in every sense of the word,) had kept for the reception of his friends and acquaintance, during

To send him the learned Professor Feinaigle;
 Who can teach in an hour, for five guineas a-piece,
 All the science of Egypt and wisdom of Greece.
 By owls, cocks, and bulls, which he draws on the wall,
 He can make John remember his alphabet all.
 His Kings and his Queens too, their names and their ages,
 By hens, devils, and parrots, all perch'd up in cages.
 Thus Henry the Eighth, and the Second King James,*
 Are "eight hens a hissing," "two devils in chains."
 The "Hermit" of Goldsmith, the satires of Pope,
 He can fix in John's memory as tight as a rope.
 Voila Midas, the harper, so famous in song,
 "Oh, he did not want leetle ear to be long."†
 Bonaparte was more wicked than Richard of Gloster,
 When he call'd the great teacher a wretched impostor,
 In his Moniteur; but John Bull is far wiser,
 He knows how to value this friendly adviser;
 Who science, mnemonics, and poetry teaches,
 By cramming bank-notes in the fob of his breeches,
 And easing good John of the load of his riches.

many years, was continued to his death, and his constant inquiry was about them.

* The associations by which the names and dates of Henry VIII. and James II. are to be remembered.

† The delightful and appropriate association of sounds, by which the Professor teaches his pupils to remember the lines,

"Man wants but little here below,
 "Nor wants that little long."